ſet a worke by a reproueable badnes in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the letter he ſpoke of, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his treaſon were, or not I the detecter.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſines in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloſter*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyaltie, though the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Ken. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deſerue your kindnes.

Edg. *Fretereto* cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King, to haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits come hiſzing in vpon them,

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe,

Foole. He's mad, that truſts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a horſes health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It ſhalbe done, I wil arraigne them ſtraight,
Come ſit thou here moſt learned Iuſtice
Thou ſapient ſir ſit here, no you ſhee Foxes--

Edg. Looke where he ſtands and glars, wanſt thou eyes, at tral madam come ore the broome *Beſſy* to mee.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and ſhe muſt not ſpeake,
Why ſhe dares not come ouer to thee.

Edg.

Edg. The foule fiend haũts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nigh-
Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, (tingale,
Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.

Kent. How doe you ſir? ſtand you not ſo amazd, will you
lie downe and reſt vpon the cuſhings?

Lear. Ile ſee their triall firſt, bring in their euidence, thou
robbed man of Iuſtice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of
equity, bench by his ſide, you are o'h commiſſion, ſit you too.

Ed. Let vs deale iuſtly ſleepeſt or wakeſt thou iolly ſhepheard,
Thy ſheepe bee in the corne, and for one blaſt of thy minikin
mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her firſt tis *Gonoril*, I here take my oath before
this honorable aſſemblykickt the poore king her father.

Foole. Come hither miſtriſſe is your name *Gonoril.*

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne ſtoole.

Lear. And heres another whoſe warpt lookes proclaime,
What ſtore her hart is made an, ſtop her there,
Armes, armes, ſword, fire, corruption in the place,
Falſe Iuſticer why haſt thou let her ſcape.

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pity ſir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine.

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
Theile marre my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart, ſee they barke at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auaunt you curs,
Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poyſons if it bite,
Maſtiſe, grayhoũd, mungril, grim-hoũd or ſpaniel, brach or him,
Bobtaile tike, or trũdletaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile,
For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all
are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and
market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry. (her

Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about
Hart is there any cauſe in nature that makes this hardnes,
You ſir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
Only I do not like the faſhion of your garments youle ſay,

They